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AS THE LAW STANDS.

OWNER (to Chauffeur).—Don't stop! It only costs about ten dollars apiece to run them down. I must break the record even if it costs a hundred!



MUSICAL CRITICISM.

THE CALF.—Moo!

THE BIRD.—What a powerful bass voice, but entirely untrained! He ought to take singing lessons.

THE RUSE THAT FAILED.

When the youth entered the employ of the Standard Oil Company it was with the determination to win rapid promotion.

Accordingly, the first time he saw a shy little man with a gray mustache he accosted him rudely.

"Empty my waste-basket!" he said.

The shy little man emptied the waste-basket and went away.

Weeks passed but no promotion came.

One day the youth encountered the shy little man again.

"So you are not Mr. Rockefeller?" said the youth, for he had now begun to mistrust.

"No," said the shy little man; "I'm the janitor!"

"That is to say, the youth instead of mistaking Mr. Rockefeller for the janitor, as he had intended, had mistaken the janitor for the janitor."

Most of the stories about Mr. Rockefeller are untrue. This is different. This is untrue, but it is really not about Mr. Rockefeller at all, as you will see by reading it closely. Mr. Rockefeller is n't in it.

"ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE," ETC.

HENPECK.—My boy, if you would n't lead a dog's life, let your wife have her own way in everything.

NEWED.—Indeed! Did n't she promise to love, honor, and obey me?

HENPECK.—Of course she did;—but you're landed, now!

APPARENTLY.

"But the backbone of the Boer strength must be broken."

"I don't know. If so, they must have backbone enough to fight without any backbone."

THE MOST beautiful home is not necessarily the happiest. In order to be thoroughly happy, a home should not be so beautiful that the wife and mother will hesitate to go in and paint the woodwork once or twice a year.



A HEAVY REWARD.



I.

BOY.—Gee! A full blooded Dachs! I'll capture him!—



II.

—"I'll just take the string off of this bundle and secure him, 'cause—"



ONCE MORE the balmy zephyrs blow —
The very breath of Springtime;
And, after Winter's overthrow,
To golfing days now bring Time.

Ah! Well enough for Winter play
When red balls are the right ones;
But better is the play of May
When right balls are the white ones.

Now I can seek the grassy links
Along the placid river;
Nor fear old rheumatism's kinks,
And never shiv a shiver.

Nor need I, when you drive so fair,
And I, alas! botch my ball,
With chatt'ring teeth let go a swear
For lack of a Scotch highball.

Wood Levetie Wilson.

WIZARDS.

"Let me see," said the thoughtful man; "it was Cadmus who is supposed to have invented books, was n't it?"

"B'lieve it was," replied the short man with the slanting forehead, somewhat doubtfully.

"He is invariably alluded to, historically, as 'The Wizard,' is he not?"

"Not that I know of," said the short man.

"And Guttenberg invented the art of printing?" continued the thoughtful man, musingly.

"Guess he had as much to do with it as the next one."

"Coming down to posterity as 'Wizard Guttenberg?'"

"Never heard any reliable testimony to that effect," said the short man.

"Stephenson, I believe, perfected one of the first forms of the steam engine?"

"I think he was mixed up in the deal somewhere."

"I suppose Stephenson frequently figured in the newspapers of his time as 'The Wizard?'" said the thoughtful man.

"May be so; but I doubt it," said the short man, snappishly, as one who was not convinced.

"And Robert Fulton invented the steamboat, and Eli Whitney the cotton gin?" went on the thoughtful man.

"That's what they taught when I went to school," retorted he of the abbreviated stature.

"Our grandfathers probably styled them both 'wizards?'"

"I'll be deadbanged if they did!" snorted the short man. "But what on earth are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Oh, nothing!" murmured the thoughtful man. "I was just thinking of 'Wizard' Macaroni, 'Wizard' Fakola Guessla, and a few other of our present day 'Wizards.'"

W. S. Adkins.



III.

—"I think there will be a heavy reward for him, but—"



IV.

—"the race is not always to the swift."



IT JARRED HIM.

MRS. HIGHBLOWER.—Do you play ping-pong, Mr. Stuffer?
STUFFER.—Not if I can help it. I hate to see the dining-room table used for such a purpose.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

"H, YES, FATHER," said the young Oriental, who had just returned from an extended tour abroad, "there are many interesting features in the life of the West; many things so strange that it is difficult to describe them to one who has never been out of China."
"Indeed?" said the Mandarin. "For instance?"
"Well, Father, there are the ball games. Ever hear of a ball game? You see, there are nine men on a side, and they play—"
"Oh, pshaw! Base-ball, my son, was invented in China in 3092 B. C. There was a great game played in that year between the Ping Yangs and the Hong Kongs. Score, 16 to 14 in favor of the Hong Kongs. Game called at the end of the third inning on account of darkness and the death of the umpire. You don't mean to say the Western barbarians have resurrected base-ball?"

"How about foot-ball, Father? We never had foot-ball in China, did we?"

"In 4201 B. C.," said the Mandarin, "the Pling Plung eleven defeated the Chow Chow eleven by a score of six to nothing. Loss five killed and four wounded. Foot-ball was abolished by an imperial decree in 2304 B. C. What else did you see in the West?"

"Automobiles, Father. They—"

"Bah! The Chinese invented automobiles in 6607 B. C. and they went out of fashion in 5408. The people simply got tired of them. Automobiles!"

"And trolley cars?"

"Invented in 7762; abandoned in 6908. Too blamed crowded and uncomfortable."

"And comic opera?"

"First one produced in 7902. Chorus attracted considerable attention. Our forefathers used to hang around the stage doors. Last comic opera produced in 5803 when vaudeville became the rage."

"Did the Chinese have vaudeville as early as that?"

"Oh, yes! Fine shows, the old chroniclers say. Irish, German and Hebrew comedians, acrobats, jugglers, coon songs, pantomimes and so on. Yes; vaudeville had its run like everything else. Our people decided a few thousand years ago that they had no further use for it. But I hope you did n't spend all your time in frivolous amusements. Did n't you take any interest in scientific matters?"

"Oh, yes! About the most ambitious scheme I heard of was a project for communicating with Mars."

"China," said the Mandarin, "solved that problem centuries ago. We communicated with Mars for a hundred years or so. In fact, we established a coaling station in Mars. At that time, you know, the coaling station fad was at its height in China. These Western barbarians have taken it up recently. But, on closer acquaintance, we did n't like the people in Mars and we cut them dead in 4461. Have n't had anything to do with them since."

"And I suppose we discovered the North Pole?"

"Our famous navigator, Kiaou Miaou, sailed to the North Pole. Being a sensible man he never went back. Said he did n't want any more blizzards in his."

"Well, the people in the West would give a good deal to know how to reach the North Pole."

"Let them find out," said the Mandarin. "They can't have the benefit of our discoveries."

Wm. E. McKenna.



HE QUOTES AN OPINION.

THE DRIVER.—Mah wife says dat mule am like me.

THE DEACON.—Like yo'?

THE DRIVER.—Yes; she says it's nacherally obstinate; but if yer keep at it yer kin make it do jes' what yer want.



It is only just to say that Time, while doubtless a grim enemy of mankind, is not nearly so much mixed up in the business of making whiskey as the labels on the bottles would indicate.



PUCK

ELIZABETH'S HEART.

Oh! I envy the burglar determined
and bold
Who goes prowling about with a chisel
that 's cold,
With a lantern that 's dark and a
"jimmy" that 's strong
(Or I fancy he does, though I'm pos-
sibly wrong).
And I 'd gladly resort, with no pang
of remorse,
For I 'm speaking in metaphor only,
of course,
To the wiles of his wicked, burglarious
art
In default of the key to Elizabeth's
heart.

Arthur Crawford.

SOUR GRAPES.

Once upon a time a Fox tried
to shine socially. But his stomach
would n't stand for it.

"Gross sensuality!" sneered
he, hereupon. "Faugh! I will
have none of it!"

Hence sprang up the limited
cult of foxes of good family who

ran to brains, and who either were not invited out at all, or did all
the talking at the formal dinners.

BY MAIL.

In her missive the maiden sent a thousand kisses.

"Printed matter?" asked the clerk at the post office.

"Not yet!" the maiden faltered, coloring in sweet confusion.



A NATURAL INQUIRY.

FIRST OFFICE BOY.—I asked de boss ter let me off 'cause me
grandmother was dead.

SECOND OFFICE BOY.—Wot did he say?

FIRST OFFICE BOY.—Asked me who wuz goin' ter pitch at
her funeral.



HOPELESS.

FARMER JONES.—Is your son still going tew the Art School?

FARMER BROWN.—Nope; his instructor said it wa'n't no use. Why, arter he 'd bin thar three
months he did n't know no more about Art than one o' these American millionaire Art connysoors!



A CITY LULLABY.

SLEEP, my little one, sleep!
The gong on the street-car is working its best,
The truck-peddler's lungs are never at rest;
The cry of the scissors-man brings you delight,
And the shrill-shrieking newsboy is adding his
mite
To the clamor;—but sleep,
Don't *you* peep!

Hush, my little one, hush!
The patrol wagon's coming—Zip! (Quiet, now, sweet!)
There's a neat little riot just in the next street.
That soothing new sound that adds to the roar
Is the fire department a-calling next door.
What a rush!
Now, *you* hush!

Rest, my little one, rest!
Hoot? That is only the toot
Of the automobile on the scoot;
Now the chauffeur's attempting to pass
Through a beautiful window made of plate glass.
There's a crash—Well, I'm blest!
But *you* rest!

Dream, my pretty one, dream!
Here comes the hand-organ man for a try
At "Il Trovatore" and "The Bloom's on the Rye,"
And if you are quiet perhaps he will play
Till the dinky street band comes and drives him away
With "Tannhauser"—Don't scream!
Just *you* lie there and dream!

L. H. Bickford.

NOT UP TO EXPECTATIONS.

LITTLE PERCY.—Say! What do you think? Pop has
hired a Jap for a cook.

LITTLE HAROLD.—Gee! Is he any good?

LITTLE PERCY.—Naw; he's a dead one! Why, I asked
him to juggle six eggs for me and he was afraid to try it.

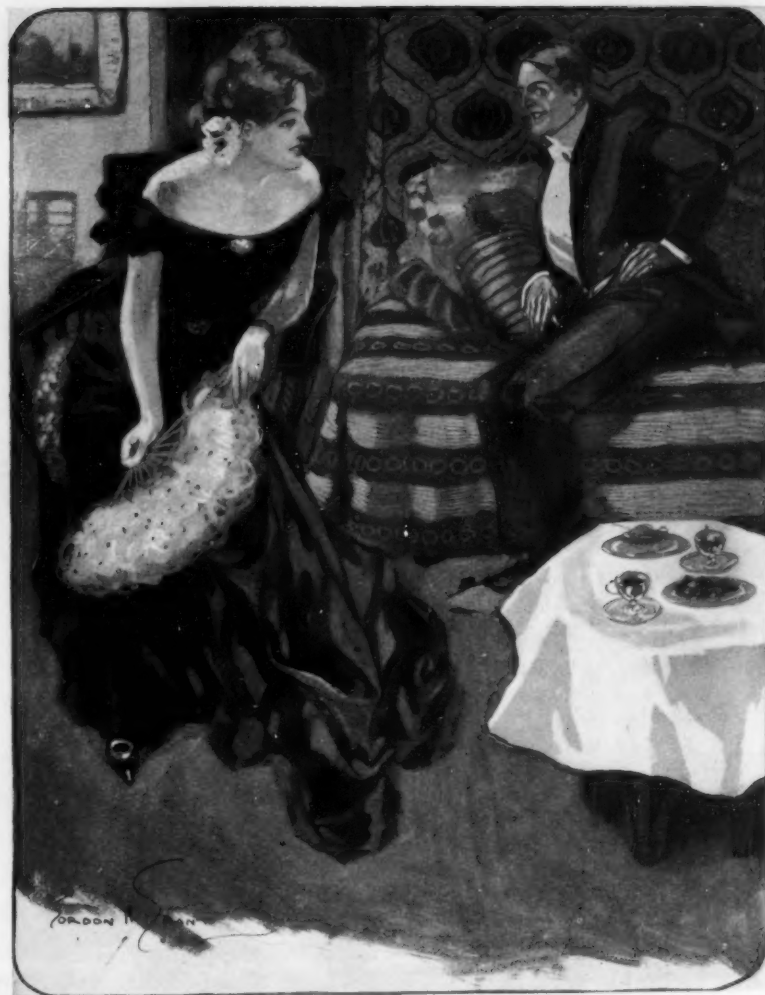


A WORLD GRABBER.

COHENSTEIN.—Mine frendt, vere are you from?

CHINAMAN.—From Hong Kong, China.

COHENSTEIN.—Mein frendt, take dot hat for a kervorter! I vill
lose monish, but I vant to get der China trade!



A MORE SATISFACTORY VIEW.

"I wonder who is responsible for breaking the engagement?"

"Why, they don't look at it that way. They consider it a good
thing, and each is inclined to claim the credit."

CONVERSATION.

A stupid is a man who expects a woman to do all the talking; a
bore is a man who expects her to do all the listening.

Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are either stupid or bores.

But the hundredth man says just enough
to suggest an interruption, and he is
accounted a charming conver-
sationalist.

HIS PHILOSOPHY.

FIRST FROG.—Cheerful
individual, is n't he?

SECOND FROG.—Yes,
indeed! His motto is
"Eat, drink and be
merry to-day for to-
morrow you may be
served up in a res-
taurant."



HIS COGITATION.

"Some men," remarked
little Mr. Hennypeck—and it is
hardly needful to explain that the wife
of his bosom was absent at the time, attending a convo-
cation of the Daughters of Shay's Rebellion, or something of that sort—
"some men are born humble, some achieve humility, and some—"

He paused long enough to slap the cat out of the gravy-boat
with the wet dishcloth and a deftness born of long practice.

"—are married in spite of their screams."



PUCK

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PLATFORM MAKERS. MR. BRYAN is sniffing at the proposed Democratic platform. He says its chief planks have been "stolen from the Republicans." This he considers a reflection upon Democratic originality. He still holds the notion, evidently, that the Democrats must have in their platform only those planks that are new and "catchy" and sensational—patent novelties for inducing the Millennium over night: preferably, devices bearing the Bryan trade-mark. The trouble with Mr. Bryan is that while he is a little too big for a Populist he is much too small for a Democrat. Otherwise he would see that the Democratic party can not win until it has built into its own platform those very planks that he now accuses it of "stealing,"—planks that are the foundations of stable government and concerning the soundness of which the country can not be divided. Some of the leaders wiser than Mr. Bryan have at last perceived the necessity of these. But this kind of platform, Mr. Bryan says, will be identical with the Republican platform: it will permit no issue, no controversy. Without the garish and tawdry features of the Chicago and Kansas City platforms one might as well be Republican as Democratic. Being a little man, he is incapable of any but short views. He is unable to see, for example, that in Tariff Reform the Democrats have an issue with which they can make a strong appeal to the country any time they are wise enough to rest upon it. It is an issue that grows more vital every day. It is not only the sole present issue upon which the country can divide itself without attacking its own foundations of government, but it is the issue that has been at the bottom of all the anti-Trust agitation of the last ten years, and is, therefore, an issue that can be made popular. Republicans themselves are helping to define it and put it forward. Their remarkably fatuous course as to Cuba, their shipping-subsidy bill, their treatment of the Babcock bill to abolish some of the more flagrant evils of paternalism,—all these are creating mutiny within the party. When the Democrats have really "stolen" from the Republicans those few planks without which no party can hope to win, and when they have made their own Tariff Reform their chief plank, Republican supremacy, especially in the Western states, will break up like rotten ice. Platform planks are not copyrighted, nor are they personal property, as Mr. Bryan seems to imagine. By "stealing" certain planks from the Republicans, the Democrats will merely give evidence of restored sanity, of recovery from the "dreadful dreams" of Bryanism. They will then be able to secure respectful consideration for a plan of tariff reform which the country will unquestionably accept the moment it can do so without having to endorse at the same time the revolutionary doctrines of a man whom it has pleased God to make wide but not deep.

BEET SUGAR SMILES AGAIN.

THE TOTTERING and puny American Beet Sugar Company seemed to be threatened with a serious illness. Twenty per cent. did it. Now the stricken infant industry raises its head from the pillow with a smile which is between a martyred grin and a set stare of pious resignation. Despite the terrorizing concession of twenty per cent. to grasping Cuba it was gently admitted at the recent annual meeting of the Beet Sugar nurses that there were hopes of avoiding crash, ruin and dissolution. Indeed, the prognosis presented to

stockholders mentioned something about "making a pleasant showing for the next campaign." The truth is not veiled. The American Beet Sugar Company began business to make money and is in business to make all it can; Cuban reciprocity raised its hydra head and the Beet Sugar promoters waved the Alarm Flag. Yet the citizens of this Republic will hardly be impressed with the beauties of Protection as exemplified by the arguments of the alarmists. The present statement to stockholders is quite as amusingly inconsistent with the theories of Protection as many another actuality. So long ago that they tried to forget it the stockholders were told that they could make money even under conditions of absolute Free Trade. Now the wholly delectable promise is vouchsafed that a "pleasant showing" is forthcoming. The entire opposition to Cuban reciprocity has been as dignified as a ham sandwich.

THE JUGGERNAUT SCOURGE.

THEY ARE troubling the rich man again. He is getting arrested for trying to depopulate the land with his automobile. Every time he runs down a pedestrian, and does n't get away, he has to pay a fine. Lately there have been instances where he has been in serious danger of going to jail—just like a common motorman or ice-cart driver who accidentally kills somebody through excess of carelessness. It is easy for the automobile owner to pay a fine, and might add prestige to his already high and happy lot; but going to jail is utterly vexatious. The passionate outcry of the visored millionaire who is stayed in his dilettante occupation of scaring to death those whom he fails to kill outright is about due. Of course it is ridiculous, absurd and vicious in principle that a man should not be allowed to go as fast as he likes in his own private juggernaut. The vulgar public might well keep their children out of the highway. The aged and infirm should take to the woods. And just naturally careless persons are likely to get killed anyhow. Life is filled with perils for the unwary. We conceive of nothing more inspiring than the sight of a three cent man on a three thousand dollar automobile journeying down the Avenue at the rate of say thirty-five miles an hour. It is an added element of zest to the pleasure of living to know that any moment you may have a cannonball express automobile flash by you—or through you.



CLASSIFIED.

FOREMAN.—Where shall I put this item about the retirement of Alderman Soaker from public life?
EDITOR.—Put it under "Public Improvements."



JOTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A HINT TO THE DEMOCRATIC
 Puck.—You are neglecting the only plank you ever did win with



DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM MAKERS.

...ever did win with,—and the only one you ever can win with!

PUCK



NOT A HOPELESS CASE.

"And Mr. Bibberton hath married the widow? Think you he will be happy?"
 "Perchance, Dorothy, not for the present; but after a time I doubt not he will go back to the bottle, and then he will have prospects."

SIS.



O Sis! Will you ever come smiling again
 To banish the spirit of care,
 To puff out my match, as I light my cigar,
 When I rest in my old easy chair,—
 As once you came tripping in rustling silks—
 (No maiden was ever more fair)—
 To perch up beside me and roguish deride me
 For the "dreadful old tie" that I wear?
 Will you ever come rushing cool-checked from
 the street,
 Snowflakes in the fluffs of your hair,
 To nestle down to me and lovingly—"do" me,
 As I smoke in my easy arm-chair?
 Will you come with a story of wonderful glory
 Of bonnets Parisian: "*Mon père*,
 Such a love of a hat! And it only costs that!
 (Eight fives on her fingers so fair!)
 I will save all through Lent and return every
 cent!"
 She pleads, as she swings on my chair.

Come back, little Sis, eighteen, as you were,
 And perch on the arm of my chair.
 Bring back the old days with your sweet girlish ways,
 Leave husband and babies and care!
 You may blow out my match, you may steal my gay tie,
 You may tweak your old daddy's gray hair;
 You may rifle my purse, and, what is much worse,
 You may drag me out to your church fair;
 Every bonnet and gown in the whole blooming town
 Shall be yours to discard or to wear,
 If you'll come as of yore through the old study door
 And perch on the arm of my chair!

Harold De Vere.

A RASH SPECIMEN.

They were at the Club. The dark, sedate gentleman had assumed a Napoleonic attitude. His back was toward the genial heat of the roaring open fire in close proximity thereto. The long tails of his overcoat were silently smouldering. The humorous young man with eyes of heaven's own blue addressed the dark gentleman:

"I have seen lots of idiots in my life," he said, wittily.

"Yes?" answered the dark gentleman.

"You bet! I have seen 'em in all stages of foolishness; I have known 'em to do things so chump-like that a fellow wanted to laugh for a week; I have seen 'em step in front of trolley-cars, get run down by automobiles, go in swimming with alligators, and play Santa Claus with cotton whiskers at candle-lighted Christmas trees. But of all the idiotic, asinine tricks I ever saw performed I never saw a case before of a man who was foolish enough to stand like a statue and let his clothes burn up on him! Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

A quick puff of smoke rose from the person of the dark gentleman as his overcoat burst into flames. He worked rapidly for a moment. He ripped the garment off and cast the ruins into the fire.

Turning with calm dignity to the humorous young man he delivered the following prelude:

"My dear Sir, I, also, have seen in my brief career a number of fools. I have observed many chumps. I have met many idiots. I have known not a few imbeciles. But of all fools, chumps, idiots or imbeciles, of all magnificent and glorious specimens of the superlative ass, of all the resplendently perfect examples of the genus complete, cussed, idiotic, mean-spirited, rash, driveling fool I ever saw I never saw one who would stand like a grinning statue in front of a man who was going to give him the blindest licking he ever got in his life!"

The humorous young man's mother and sisters are taking care of him still.

Fred. Ladd.

IN HIGHLY civilized countries, however, the good are perhaps less likely to die young than they are to outgrow it.



A CONVENIENCE.

MRS. SQUIRREL.—Oh! Mr. Crow, I am so glad you are our postman now instead of Mr. Hedgehog. It saves me going down four flights for the mail!



Trouble is like money. It is better to save it than to borrow it.



PUCK

THE JEST BY TELEPHONE.



-R-R-R-ING-G-G-G!
 "Hello!"
 "—?"
 "Yes."
 "—?"
 "Oh, yes! Glad to see you!"
 "—?"
 "Why, no; nothing special."
 "—?"
 "Yes; we'll be glad to."
 "—?"
 "Oh, yes! We both play cards."
 "—?"
 "That'll be good; rather like chafing-dish affairs."
 "—?"
 "All right; we'll be there."
 "—?"
 "All right! I'll bring the left hind-foot of a Welsh rabbit with me for luck."
 "—?"
 "I say, I'll bring the left hind-foot of a Welsh rabbit with me for luck."
 "—?"
 "Well, how 's this? I say, I'll bring the left hind-foot of a Welsh rabbit with me for luck."
 "—?"
 "I've got my mouth right inside the transmitter now."
 "—?"
 "No; I said *luck*."
 "—?"
 "Why, you know about a rabbit's left hind-foot —"
 "—?"
 "Yes; sure!"
 "—?"
 "Oh! I did n't get it any place! I said a *Welsh* rabbit."
 "—?"
 "No; Welsh."
 "—?"
 "Welsh! W-e-l-s-h—*Welsh*! It's a joke, you know."
 "—?"
 "Why, a joke about the Welsh rabbit."
 "—?"
 "That was what I said."
 "—?"



CRITICISM.

"It is his first play, is n't it?"
 "Yes. They say it is plagiarized."
 "Why, then, I think he's a plagiarist of considerable promise."

"Well, then—Do you get me now?"
 "—?"
 "I—said—I—would—bring—the—left—hind—foot—of a—Welsh—rabbit—with—me—for—luck! Get that?"
 "—?"
 "I'm awful sorry; but I don't see how I can make it any plainer."
 "—?"
 "Well, never mind; I'll tell you about it this even —"
 "—?"
 "Well, then, once more! Now, listen carefully! I—said—I'd—bring—the—left—hind—foot—of—a—Welsh—rabbit—with—me—for—luck! Do you —"
 "—?"
 "Ha! Ha! Yes, 't is rather good when —"
 "—?"
 "Oh, no! Of course, you could n't understand it unless you understood it."
 "—?"
 "Oh, yes; certainly! All right! Good-by!"

Wood Levette Wilson.



PUERILE SATISFACTION.

FERDY.—Chauncey's auto ran over a chicken yesterday!
 ALGY.—Yes;—the lobster 's as proud of it as if it had been a baby!

NECESSITIES.

"Farmers pretty hard up?"
 "Pooty hard up."
 "But none actually suffering for the necessities of life, I hope."
 "Well, I dunno! They 's farmers out in my section 'at hain't hed their wives' picters 'nlarged in crayon fer more 'n four years, now!"

"THE SOHMER" HEADS THE LIST OF THE HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.

SOHMER PIANOS

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Improved BOSTON GARTER

THE STANDARD FOR GENTLEMEN
ALWAYS EASY

The Name "BOSTON GARTER" is stamped on every loop—

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c. Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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CHICAGO.

Established 1823.

WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

"William, wake up!" she whispered. "I'm sure I heard a burglar downstairs. You'd better go down and see."

"My goodness, woman," he replied, sleepily; "what a low opinion you must have of me! I'm not in the habit of hobnobbing with burglars." — *Catholic Standard and Times.*

A SIMPLE WOMAN.

An Eastern woman who is asking for a divorce says her third husband swindled her.

She ought to get married a few more times and try to get a little experience. — *Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



ENVY.

"So help me, I have n't had a drink to-day! Had a few yistiddy."

"Be jabbers, Oi wisht Oi cud git a jag that 'd lave me as cheerful the day after!"

Clear the cobwebs from your brain by using Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Get the genuine at grocers or druggists.

In this age, when so many adulterated goods are offered, you want Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It is pure.

HIS EXPERIENCE.

"Politeness never costs anything," said the man who remembers the lessons of his youth.

"I don't know about that," answered Senator Sorghum. "I can remember when I had to pay men five dollars apiece to show me the common courtesy of staying awake during the stump speech and cheering at the proper time." — *Washington Star.*

EVEN GENIUS MISTAKES.

"This beautiful morning," said the poet, "I can feel the sap rising."

"Perhaps it's only softening of the brain, my dear," responded his wife. — *Atlanta Constitution.*

A LITTLE BOY, the son of a Christian Scientist, had a toothache. "If you had my faith, darling," the mother said, "you would have no toothache."

"Yes," the boy replied; "and if you had my toothache, you would n't have your faith." — *Atchison Globe.*

MRS. CRIMSONBEAK.—I see by this paper that American clocks are to be found in the most remote hamlets in Siam.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK.—It's surprising how far an angry man can throw a clock at a cat! — *Yonkers Statesman.*



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And howling there,
Have prayed for brimstone and hot air!

Shine out, and lure the Summer
From many a dim retreat;
Let slip the rolling thunder,
And boil the rains that beat!
For, growling here
And growling there,
We prayed for Summer everywhere!

And then, when Summer strikes us,
Her fiercest flames unrolled,
Just hear us howling, growling
And crying out for cold!
And, Winter, gray,
Or flowery May,
We'll growl our way to Judgment Day!
—Atlanta Constitution.

THE DOCTOR.—You need exercise.
You should walk more and drink less
beer.

THE PATIENT.—Aber, vat would I be
going after, den?—Indianapolis News.

A GEORGETOWN man with a hare lip
is teaching a young parrot to talk. This
seems to be a case for the Society for
the Suppression of Cruelty to Birds.—
Washington Post.

If you call a woman "a poor little
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—Achison Globe.

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IV.
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V.
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VI.
ELEPHANT.—"After which she will entertain you with the Kilkenny skirt dance!" Ho! Ho!

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THE IRISH GIANTESS.